

RS#4 Rodgers & Mrs. Rodgers

Start → (**BLORE** exits to the hall with **ROGERS**. **MRS. ROGERS** enters from the dining room. She picks up glasses and tidies. **ROGERS** quickly enters from the dining room with tray of eight glasses.)

MRS. ROGERS. Oh, there you are, Rogers. You ought to clear these dirty glasses. You're always leaving the dirty work to me.

(**MRS. ROGERS** takes glasses off the tray and **ROGERS** puts on the dirty ones.)

Here I am with a four-course dinner on my hands and no one to help me. You might come and give me a hand with the dishing up. Who was it that you were talking to, by the way?

ROGERS. Davis. South African gentleman. No class if you ask me – and no money either.

MRS. ROGERS. I don't like him – Don't like any of 'em much. More like that bunch we had in the boarding house, I'd say.

ROGERS. Davis gives out he's a millionaire or something. You should see his underwear! Cheap as they make 'em.

MRS. ROGERS. Well, as I said, it's not treating us right. All these visitors arriving today and the maids not coming till tomorrow. What do they think we are?

ROGERS. Now, then – Anyway, the money's good.

MRS. ROGERS. So it ought to be! Catch me going into service again unless the money was good.

ROGERS. Well, it is good, so what are you going on about?

MRS. ROGERS. Well, I can tell you this, Rogers. I'm not staying any place where I'm put upon. Cooking's my business! I'm a good cook –

ROGERS. (*Soothingly.*) First rate, old girl.

MRS. ROGERS. But the kitchen's my place and housework's none of my business. All these guests! I've a good mind to put my hat and coat on and walk out now and go straight back to Plymouth.

ROGERS. (*Grinning.*) You can't do that, old girl,

MRS. ROGERS. (*Belligerently.*) Who says I can't? Why not, I should like to know?

ROGERS. Because you're on an island, old girl. Had you forgotten that?

MRS. ROGERS. Yes, and I don't know as I fancy being on an island.

ROGERS. Don't know that I do, either, come to that. No slipping down to a pub, or going to the pictures. Oh, well, it's double wages on account of the difficulties. And there's plenty of beer in the house.

MRS. ROGERS. That's all you ever think about – beer.

ROGERS. Now, now, stop your nagging. You get back to the kitchen or your dinner will be spoilt.

MRS. ROGERS. It'll be spoilt anyway, I expect. Everybody's going to be late. Wasted on them, anyway. Thank goodness, I didn't make a soufflé.

← End